# THE KNAVE OF Clubbs.

Printed at London by *E. A.* dwelling on Lambard hill neere Olde Fish-ſtreet. 1611.

# To Fuſtis, Knave of Clubbs.

FVſtis, *the humours of a Knaue,*
*To thee I dedicate;*
*Which hath bin chriſtned knaue of Clubs,*
*By Gentle-men of late.*
*For thy notorious ſwaggering life,*
*Thou liu'ſt about the towne;*
*And Fleet-ſtreet fraies, when Prentices*
*With Clubs did knock thee downe:*
*Thy tricks, and feates, thou haſt at cards,*
*To cut vpon a Knaue,*
*That let a man draw where he will,*
*Thy picture he ſhall haue.*
*Thy haunting of the Dicing-houſe,*
*To cheate a liuing there,*
*The Panders profit out of Whores,*
*For whome thou't fight and ſweare.*
*Thy bould and braſen fac'd exploit,*

*In want, some quoine to get,*
*At Bedlem bouling-alley late,*
*Where Cittizens did bet:*
*And threw their mony on the ground,*
*To which thou didst incline,*
*And taking vp an angell, swore*
*By God this game is mine.*
*While they vpon each other looke*
*Not knowing what to say:*
Clubs *calls (come sirha) to his man,*
*And goes with quoine away.*
*These and a thousand villanies,*
*Which now I will omit,*
*Hath got thee placed Captaine heere,*
*because thou merrits it.*
*March in the forefront of my Booke,*
*And say I vse thee kinde:*
*A crew of mad-men, knaues, and fooles,*
*Thy fellowes, come behinde.*

S.R.

# A Whoremonger.

AN ancient wooer matcht himſelfe for gold,
Vnto a widdow foure-ſcore winters old,
Whoſe wholſome mony did beget good will
She brought him bags, 4. huſbands help'd to fill.
As arrant miſers as the earth containes,
which with their moyling care, and peſſant paines
Had ſcraped thouſands, yet euen ſuch they were,
As *Iſis* Aſſe which loads of gold did beare,
and was himſelfe an obiect toyling beaſt,
burdned with that which he inioyed leaſt.
This golden Grandham lou'd a cup of Sack,
Which her kind huſband would not ſee her lack:
But willingly anights would make her drunke,
Becauſe indeed he kept a ſeruant puncke,
Who when her miſtres had it in the hed,
Would come and creepe into her maiſters bed.
This held out long, vntil one night, kind *Tone*
Hearing her maiſter cough, and miſtris grone,
prepared her ſelfe (the cough was ſtill his call)
To tell the naked truth, ſhe ſtript off all.

And

And comming like a wench of willing ſprite,
To doe her maiſters buſines in the night,
Such tumbling in the bed (belike) did keepe,
She wak'd her quiet miſtris out of ſleepe.
Who was by this recouered in the braine,
And gotten ſober by her ſleepe againe.
Perceiuing plainely how the matter went,
And why the kindnes of the Sack was ment,
Starts vp, and cries, ah whore am I your bawd?
Out wicked knaue, and with her nailes beclawd
Them cruelly, that Wench and Maiſter bled;
Then with her feete ſhe ſpurn'd them out of bed.
The violence of that ſame furious fall,
Threw them both downe, with chamberpot & all.
So that the ſcratching, waſh'd with filthy ſmell,
Did kill the itch like whipping in Bride-well.

## *A Pander.*

A Country blew-coate Seruing-man,
In Tearme-time ſent to Towne:
Would range the Cittie for ſome newes
To carry with him downe.

At length he got into Moore-fields.
Viewing the walkes and trees:
And thence to garden-Alley goes,
VVhere at a dore he ſees,
A Puncke prepar'd for paſſengers,
Set out for bawdy ſale,
VVho ſmiling ſaid, kind gentle-man,
Beſtow ſome bottle-ale
Vpon me, if you loue a wench,
VVhome you ſhall ready finde,
To counteruaile your curteſie,
In what you will moſt kinde.
Some Bottle-Ale (quoth he) where iſt?
Haſt any nere at hand?
Yes ſir (ſaid ſhe) I pray' come in,
Thus ſhe was ſeruing-mand.
He ſits him downe into a Chayre,
And to his liquor falles;
While ſhe vnto her maides for Cakes,
Strew'd Prunes, and Pippins calles. (ſits
Which being brought them, downe ſhe
And as they both imbrace;
A ſwaggering Rogue breaks open dore,
And's Rapier did vncaſe.
Villaine (quoth he) and damned whore,
Before the Lord you dye,

For this deflouring of my wife,
What haſt thou to reply?
Sir ſaid the clowne you doe me wrong,
Vpon me thus to raile,
As I came by ſhe cald me in,
To drinke ſome Bottle-Ale,
And by this bread I touch'd no more
But onely hand, and lip:
No (ſaid the Ruffian) ſpeake you whore,
And looke thou dooſt not trip,
Elſe had you thouſand liues you die,
She falling downe with ſpeede,
Cri'de out, deere husband pardon me,
We haue bin nought indeede.
Sirrah what ſay you now (quoth he)
She hath confeſt it plaine?
Villaine thou dieſt: oh holde (ſayes he)
Heare me one worde againe,
Fiue pounds is all the coyne I haue,
That will I freely giue:
Heere take it ſir with all my heart,
So you will let me liue.
Fiue pound (quoth he) doſt think Ile ſell
My reputation ſo?
Fiue hundred will not ſatisfie,
My wife was chaſt (I know)

Before thou broughtſt her vnto this,
Speake, didſt offend before?
Neuer kind husband (quoth the whore)
Nor nere will wrong you more.
Well, huſwife well, your teares preuaile
Ioyn'd with a faithfull vow,
Giue me fiue pound, and for this time
Ile pocket all vp now.
You ſeeme an honeſt ſimple man,
Refraine to tempt mens wiues:
The onely cauſe I let you liue,
Is to amend your liues.

## A Sharke.

TWo hungery Sharkes did trauaile Paules,
Vntil their guts cride out,
And knew not how with both their wits
To bring one meale about.
Sayes one to tother, what quoine haſt?
My famiſht entralls groanes:
I finde but hungry dyet here,
Amongſt theſe rotten bones.

He did reply, faith not a Croſſe
To bleſſe me in this caſe,
I muſt goe ſeeke to mend my ſelfe,
In ſome more wholſome place.
And I but one poore peny haue,
In all the worlde is mine:
(Quoth tother) but Ile trye my wits
How that can make me dine.
So towards Smithfield he departs,
Vnto a Cooeks thereby,
And calleth for his Can of Beere,
The boy comes preſently,
And brings it him: Sir ſaid the youth,
Will't pleaſe you eat a bit?
Ile fetch a dainty ſlice of beefe
Is hot vpon the ſpit.
Sirra (qd. he) why *doe and t'woot*,
Which nimble Iacke did bring:
And he as nimbly eat it vp,
Yet ſtill his guts did wring.
Iacke ſees all gone, ſaies, Gentleman
Will't pleaſe you taſte good Cheeſe?
I boy *and t'woot* (quoth he againe)
Thought Sharke this well agrees
with my moſt wofull ſtomackes ſtate,
So Iacke with Cheeſe comes in,

And that was ſoone deuowred vp,
Euen as the Beefe had bin.
Being thus diſpatcht, he layes down Iack
A peny for the ſhot;
Sir what ſhall this doe ſaid the boy?
Why rogue diſcharge my pot:
So much I cald for, but the reſt
By me ſhall nere be paid,
For victualls thou didſt offer me,
*Doe and thou woot* I ſaid.
*Iack* ſeeing he no more would pay
Vnto his maiſter went,
And tould him there was one within,
That had much victualls ſpent,
And would not ſee the houſe diſchargd,
The Cooke vnto him goes,
Requeſting him of curteſie,
To pay the debt he owes.
Sir ſaid the ſwaggerer, I proteſt,
I cald but for a Can,
According to the coine I had;
As I am Gentle-man,
My hunger was exceeding great,
Your boy did offer beeſe,
And bread, and cheeſe, which when I heard
Vnto my ſtomakes griefe,

Quoth I, why bring it Boy and t'woot,
Leauing it to his will;
Which he did bring, as if he meant
My hungry Corps to fill.
I could not chuſe but feede thereon,
(This is the truth mine Hoaſt)
Yet ſcore it vp, when God ſends coyne
I will diſcharge your poaſt.
The Cooke ſees nothing to be had,
Lets him depart away:
Who meetes his fellowe Sharke,
In Paules againe next day.
And tolde him how exceeding well,
He for his penny ſped,
On roaſted beefe, good bread & cheeſe,
Onely for that he fed.
Prethy (quoth he) but tell me where?
That Hoaſt ſhall ſure be mine,
Marry (ſaies he) in ſuch a place,
A Cooke at ſuch a ſigne.
Goe there, and call but for a Can,
And ther's a dapper knaue,
Comes, gentleman, what dainty bit
For diet will you haue?
A ſtately peece of roaſted Beefe,
Fine Cheſe, what will you eat?

Then

Then ſay you, ſirrah *I and t'woot,*
You need not pay for's meat.
Oh excellent ( quoth he ) Il'e goe,
Such ſimple fooles to gull:
And ſpend a pot withall my heart,
To fill my belly full.
Away he walkes vnto the houſe,
To feed him on the ieſt,
Sirrah ( ſaies he ) a Can of beere,
And looke you bring the beſt.
The boy according to his vſe,
Returnes with nimble ſpeede,
Saying, gentleman i'ſt your deſire
On fine roaſt beefe to feede?
Fine beefe ( quoth he? ) I *boy an t'woot,*
The boy runs downe amaine:
Cries Mr. come, bring *Tom* and George,
Heere's *I an t'woot* againe.
His maiſter brings vp both his men,
In all the haſt might bee:
And *I an t'woot* behaſted ſo,
He had no eyes to ſee.
They larded and begreas'd his bones,
Vntill his ſhoulders ſweat:
And gaue him ſower ſawce good ſtore,
Vnto his fellowes meat.

*A Politique*

## *A Politique Theefe.*

AMongſt free-booters by the hye way ſide,
Such as mens purſſes wofully miſguie,
Vnto ſome Inne the owner neuer ment,
To be beyond a Lordſhips lowance ſpent,
A Gentileman that could diſpend by yeare,
Fiue hundred pounds (when purchaſe came in
Whoſe liuing onely made him to repine, (cleere)
Becauſe the Hangman was to haue a fine,
At *Burſtow-cauſie*, *Gads-hill*, and *Coome-parke*,
Had taken vp about ſome hundred-marke,
With which to London he was forced to flye,
And get him cleere of fearefull *Hue* and *Crye*,
Meeting with one iuſt of his owne diſpoſe,
With him he plotted to eſcape his foes,
And tould him in what tearmes his caſe did ſtand,
What extreame danger eminent at hand,
But (ſaith he) if thou wilt afforde conſent,
My policy their purpoſe ſhall preuent.
I'le frame a bill that I am in thy debt,
And to the ſame an *Ante-date* will ſet,

Thou

Thou ſhalt arreſt me, I'le to priſon go,
And they may ſearch vntill their hearts ake ſo,
No man will looke for me in that ſame place,
T'will be my caſtle for ſome three monthes ſpace,
while they ſearch Tauerne, rifle victualing-houſe
There I ſecure will drinke a healths carouſe,
This was agreed vnto, the bill was made,
Purſe-taker was arreſted, there he ſtaide,
Vntill no further danger did appeare,
Then with his creditor the debt did cleere,
And being diſcharg'd, they to a Tauerne went,
Quoth plotter, here's an angel to be ſpent
Onely in kindnes prethy back reſtore,
VVhat I haue paid in ieſt, ſix angels more
The other wiſht God might his ſoule confound,
If he paid back a penny of that three pound,
I ſau'd thy life (quoth he) and will be paide,
Although the plot thereof by thee was laide
Th'effecting it by me thou didſt obtaine,
Nay, I haue ventерd hanging for my paine,
And doſt thou thinke ten ſhillings ſpent in wine,
Sufficient pay for this good turne of mine?
My ſtaying here in towne to pleaſure thee,
Is many a purſe out of the way to me,
Had bin mine owne as ſure as this is plate:
Drinke, no more words, a penny I'le not bate.

Quoth tother, wilt not? and his poniard drew,
Stabs at him, saying, villaine thou shalt rue.
This cheating of a better man then thou:
Saies t'other, th'art an arrant theefe I vow,
Drawing his dagger, wounding him againe.
With that, house-guests prest in amaine,
And vnderstanding how their quarrell grew,
The robbery, and plot that did ensew,
The falling out for challenging three pound,
They present were for new-gate voyage bound,
From thence vp Holborne-hill they were conuaid
And so at Tiburne all their quarrell staid.

a cunning man alias Ed. 1569

## *A Cousening Knaue.*

A Shifting knaue about the towne,
Did challenge wondrous skill
To tell mens fortunes and good haps,
He had the starrs at will.
What day was best to trauaile on,
Which, fit to chuse a wife,
If violent, or naturall
A man should end his life.

Suc-

Succeſſe of any ſute in law,
Which parties cauſe preuailes:
When it is good to pick ones teeth,
And ill to pare his nailes.
So cunningly he plaid the knaue,
That he deluded many,
With ſhifting, baſe, and couſening tricks
For skill he had not any.
Amongſt a crew of ſimple guls,
That plid'e him to their coſt,
A Butcher comes and craues his helpe,
That had ſome cattell loſt,
Ten groates he gaue him for his fee,
And he to coniure goes,
With characters, and vocables,
And diuerſe antique ſhowes.
The butcher in a beaſtly feare,
Expected ſpirits ſtill,
And wiſhed himſelfe within his ſhop,
Some ſheepe or calfe to kill:
His coloure changed red and pale,
The ſweat ran downe his face,
And by the ſmell a man might iudge,
His hoſe in filthy caſe.
At length out of an od blind hole,
Behind a painted cloth,

A Deuill comes with roaring voyce,
Seeming exceeding wroth,
VVith ſquibs and crackers round about,
VVilde-fier he did ſend,
which ſwaggring Ball the buttchers dog
So highly did offend,
That he vpon the Deuill flies,
And ſhakes his hornes ſo ſore,
Euen like an Oxe (moſt terrible)
He made hobgoblin roare, (helpe
The cunning man cries, for Gods loue
Vnto your maſtiffe call,
Fight Dog, fight Deuill, (butcher ſaid)
And claps his hands at Ball.
The Dog moſt cruell tore his fleſh,
The Deuill went to wracke,
And looked like a tattered rogue,
With ne're a rag on's backe.
Giue me my mony back againe,
Thou ſlaue the (butcher ſaid)
Or I will ſee your Deuils heart,
Before he can be laid:
He gets not back againe to hell,
Ere I my mony haue,
Nay and I wil haue intreſt too,
Beſides min e owne I gaue.

Deliuer

Deliuer firſt mine owne ten groats,
And then a crowne to boote
I ſmell your Deuils knauery out,
He wants a clouen foote,
The Coniurer with all his heart,
The mony back repaies,
and giues fiue ſhillings of his owne,
To whome the butcher ſaies,
Farewell moſt ſcuruy Coniurer,
Thinke on my valiant deed, (*George*
Which haue done more then Engliſh
That made the Dragon bleed:
He and his Horſe the ſtory tells,
Did but a Serpent ſlay:
I and my Dog the Deuill ſpoyld,
We two haue got the day.

## *A Cuckolde.*

Brawling Contention Ed. 1609

TWo rayling creatures fell at ſtrife,
and ſuch a clamour made,
That people paſſing by, ſtood ſtill,
To hearken what they ſaide.

## The Knave of *Clubbs.*

Amongſt the reſt a woman comes,
Demanding of the rout:
I pray (quoth ſhe) what is the cauſe,
Of all this falling out?
One preſently made anſwere thus,
You are a whore (quoth he)
Thou art an arrand ſcuruy knaue,
and raſcall rogue (ſaid ſhe)
Why thus (quoth he) theſe two fell out
The quarrell that they haue,
Began at firſt as we doe now,
With calling whore and knaue.

## *Maſter make-ſhift.*

A Needy Poet of a poore complexion,
Whoſe purſe was ſick of very long infection,
That writ (as beggers craue an almes) for need
Oft wanting meat when he would gladly feed
(Who when he trauaild to *Parnaſſus* hill,
Was much behoulding to Tobacco ſtill,
For how ſo'ere his chimney wanted fire,
His noſe was ſmoaking to his hearts deſire)

Comes

Comes to a Tauerne, where he vnderſtood,
A dinner was prepar'd exceeding good,
For diuers Gentlemen, of which kind crewe,
Some halfe a doſen very friends he knewe:
So bouldly did intrude into the place,
With hungry ſtomack, and a braſen face,
They welcome him, and kindly doe intreat
To doe as they doe, ſit him downe and eat.
Which wholeſome word no repetition needes,
For like a ſtarueling, he falls to and feedes:
Little diſcourſe long time he could afford,
But anſweres true ſir vnto euery word:
Tis right forſooth, and ſo againe crammes in,
As if a fortnight he had faſting bin:
Plying his victualls thus an hower at leaſt,
Like vnto *VVoolnor* that ſame rauening beaſt,
his pudding houſe at length began to ſwell,
And he tooke leiſure ſome ſtrange lies to tell;
And thoſe he ſweares vnto by cups of wine,
(For now to liquor he doth whole incline)
VVell, growing late they for a reckning call,
And Vintners boy brings vp a bill of all,
So euery man doth caſt his mony downe,
Ten groats, three ſhillings, other ſome a crowne:
VVhich all vpon a trencher was conuaid
To Poet pennileſſe, and him they praid

To

To make the ſhot: nay Gentlemen (quoth he)
I doe intreat you all to pardon me,
I'le ſpend my crowne, and put his hand in'ſhoſe,
Where not a penny could be found God knowes
while ſtill they ſwear that he ſhall make the ſhot:
At laſt the mony in his hands he got,
And riſing, to the fidlers turnes about,
Come on (qd. he) what new thing is come out?
Sure Gentleman (ſaid they) we haue not any,
Then ſing me, I could fancie louely Nanny,
(and here is for you, I'le but goe and leake,
Call for a pot: there's not a rogue will ſpeake)
So takes his cloake and downe the ſtaires away,
With all the mony was laid downe to pay:
The Gentlemen ſuſpecting no ſuch thing,
Diſcourſe together, and the fidlers ſing,
Vntill they miſſe their Poet ouer long,
Who tooke his leaue moſt kindly with a ſong.
They knock, and call, and ſend to ſeeke below
But whats become of him there's none doth know
Hee's gone to walke his dinner to diſgeſt,
Of all the mony they laid downe poſſeſt,
Some fifty ſhillings he had gotten cleare,
In curteſie for all the great good cheare.
Now euery man muſt to his purſe againe,
In Vintners debt, and fidlers, they remaine.

Some

Some ſweare, ſome ſwagger, others laugh thereat
Wiſhing the reckning would make thin-gut fat.
A pox vpon this Poet one did curſe,
He hath not left a penny in my purſe:
Fiue ſhillings not a farthing more I had,
And thus be-guld, doth make me almoſt mad,
With all my heart I'le ſpend a crowne, or twaine,
To meete the raſcall in my diſh againe:
I would be-ſtab his skin like doublet cuts,
And garter vp his ſtockins with his guts,
Then down the ſtaires the villaine ſhould be toſt,
Like to a foot-ball in a winters froſt.
Gentlemen ſaies another, ſilence now,
T'is but a folly to proteſt and vow,
Although plaine-dealing be a Iewell ſtill,
We muſt vſe double-dealing gainſt our will,
And pay our ſhot againe was paid before,
For yet you ſee we ſtand vpon the ſcore:
We are well ſeru'd if this be rightly ſcand,
To put our reckning into *Make-ſhifts* hand,
But laugh it out, leaſt we be laught to ſcorne,
Good wits are worthy to haue charges borne.

## *A Gull.*

ONe wittily deſcrib'd a Gull,
In different ſorte and kinde
And to the life doth paint a ſop,
For eies that are not blinde.
His firſt Gull teares a ſilken wench,
Her veluet gowne doth ſcare him,
Another weares a ſiluer hilt,
Yet euery boy will dare him.
Next commeth faſhions *Iack-an-apes*,
A Gull compos'd of pride,
That hath his goodnes in good cloathes,
And nothing good beſide.
And laſtly he's a Gul of Guls,
That makes an outward ſeeming,
Yet hath not one poore ounce of wit,
That's worth wiſe mens eſteeming.
But vnto theſe let's ad a Gull,
That's very late found out,
Will ſpend his liuing, land, and wealth,
To finde concluſions out.

Hee'l

Hee'l make you bread of pompion ſeeds,
Shall farr excell all wheat,
And with a kind of burning glaſſe,
In Sunne, roaſt any meat.
Heele teach an ape to ſpeak good french
Iack-daw to write and read,
And has a trick to vſe a Cat,
That ſhe ſhall Ferrets breed.
Yet theſe are all inferiour things,
To thoſe his wit hath found,
Such ſecrets neuer were diſclos'd,
Vpon this earthly ground,
For ſhortly he intends to flie,
One wing is almoſt made,
To put downe ſimple *Dedalus*,
He doth himſelfe perſwade.
But ſee how wiſe ingenious men,
Doe often ouerſlip!
A craftier knaue then he (of late)
Had got him on the hip,
Which ſould him a familiar flie
A Deuill in a box,
An artificiall flie of ſilke,
(A Deuill with a pox)
For this my Gull giues twenty pound,
Would I might ſell him flies:

But he ſhould learne beſides forſooth,
To make a Deuill riſe.
This was allowed to the match,
And he muſt fall to charme,
So both againſt the poynted day,
Themſelues for ſpirits arme,
The Gull gets on a ſurplis,
With a croſſe vpon his breſt,
Like *Allen* playing *Fauſtus*,
In that manner was he dreſt.
And hauing all his furniture,
He ſteps into the ring,
Saies his inſtructer, ſtir not out,
I muſt goe fetch a thing
(I left below) I needs muſt haue,
So out of doores he hies,
Vnto an officer hard by,
Saying ſir in any wiſe,
Come with all expedition,
I will bring you to a place,
Where a moſt wicked creature is,
A wretch that wanteth grace,
Raiſing of Deuils, which you know,
The law doth ſtraight forbid,
The action is ſo horrible,
I durſt not keepe it hid.

The Officer in all the haſt,
Vnto the houſe repaires,
And his director wills him goe,
Directly vp the ſtaires:
Meane while, himſelfe ſlips cleane away,
The Conſtable comes in:
And in the Kings name chargeth him,
To ceaſe his helliſh ſin.
Art thou a raiſing Deuils heere,
I charge thee to obay me,
Quoth Gull, if I ſhould ſtirr a foote,
Ten thouſand ſpirits would ſlay me,
Keepe out my circle, come not neere,
Say you faire warning haue,
Depart before the Deuill come,
Leaſt hell be made thy graue.
I'le raiſe the ghoſt of *Hercules*,
Shall braine thee with his club,
Doeſt thou not ſee a ſmoake appeare?
Why now comes *Belzebub*.
I coniure thee be gon I ſay,
Depart by *Fee*, *Fa*, *Fum*,
Now *Rago*, *Cragо*, is at hand,
Looke where his hornes doe come!
The officer imagining,
He ſaw ſome thing ariſe,

Ran

Ran downe the ſtaires halfe mad with feare
And help, clubs, halberds, cries,
So apprehended him preſently,
and carries him away,
Vnto a iuſtice, where the foole
Had not a word to ſay,
But onely that he ment no harme,
And would a deuill ſee,
Why quoth the Magiſtrate, thou ſhalt,
I'le ſend thee where they be,
Incarnate Deuils, ſuch as doe
Aſſume a humane ſhape;
To newgate with him preſently,
For playing *Plutoes* ape,
Where when he came, he found the knaue
That taught him coniuration
Villaine (quoth he) baſe rogue & ſlaue,
Is this your charming faſhion?
To couſen me of twenty pounds
And bring me heere to hell?
Kinde Gentlman (quoth he) forbeare,
I'le recompence you well,
Of purpoſe I haue met you heere,
becauſe you ſhall ſee art,
To morrow by a ſpirits help,
We both from hence will part,

## The Knave of *Clubbs*.

And all things I haue promis'd you,
Shall be performd at full,
So next day got himſelfe releas'd,
And there leaues goodman Gull.

## *A Cuckold.*

A Citty wanton full of pride and luſt,
Of *Venus* ſtraine and diſpoſition iuſt,
(That could her husband on the fore-head ſtrike,
And make his brow to ſwell *Acteon* like,
Yet he poore ſeely man, ne're felt it ſmart,
But tooke al kinde that came from his ſweet hart)
Had two choyſe friends to ſport herſelfe withall,
Two couſens, you may cuckold-makers call:
The one a Captaine and a martiall wight,
Was Champion in his Miſtris cauſe to fight.
And for the ſeruice that he did by day,
She did reward him with a nightly pay.
The other was a Courtier, gallant, braue,
That great content to her ſweete perſon gaue:
Her deere *Adonis* quick and pleaſant witted;
With theſe, the vertuous Cittizen was fitted.

To

To them ſhe gaue kinde entertainement ſtill,
Hauing a maid ſorted vnto her will,
Which for her ſeruice ſhe did much applaude,
Being her Miſtris crafty cunning baude,
A truſty meſſenger from each to other,
Who for her paines got mony, and the tother,
They call good turne: which *Bettris* would not
Becauſe her ſeruice did deſerue ſuch fees. (leeſe
The Courtier one time hauing vnderſtood,
By Cuckolds abſence, how the time was good,
To goe a grafting, hies him to the place,
Where he might giue loues miſtris loues embrace
While he was in his courtly complements:
The maid comes in, and heauy newes preſents,
Saying the Captaine was a comming in,
Which to the Courtier euer ſoe had bin,
For they bare hatred of a iealous ſpite,
And each had vowd where e're they met, to fight.
Oh loue (quoth ſhe) creepe vnderneath the bed,
This is no fighting place, ſweet hide thy hed,
For loue of Chriſt keepe you vnſeene aſunder,
Well for this time (quoth he) I will creepe vnder,
Becauſe thy name in queſtion ſhall not bee,
Elſe would I die on him for lone of thee.
So vp comes Captaine, and he falls to court,
With ſpeach befitting Mars and Venus ſport,

Kinde

Kinde loue quoth he, now Vulcane is not heere,
I'le clame the rights befitting loue (my deere)
Had I the courtier here loud thee before,
While we were buſie, he ſhould keepe the dore,
Or I would make inciſſion in his guts,
And carue his carcaſſe full of wounds and cuts.
With that, the maide againe comes vp the ſtaires,
Crying deere miſtris now begins our cares,
My maiſter's comming, what ſhift will you make?
Now hould out wit t'is for our credits ſake:
Captaine (quoth ſhe) to rid all doubt and feare,
Vnto my counſaile lend a willing eare,
Put but in practiſe what I ſhall deuiſe,
And on my life no preiudice will riſe,
Drawe out your weapon, & goe ſwearing downe,
Looke terrible I (need not teach you frowne)
And vow you'le be reueng'd ſome other time,
And then leaue me, to make the reaſon rime.
I will ſaies he, ſo downe the ſtaires he goes,
with rapier drawne, ſuch fearefull looks he ſhowes
The Cuckold trembles to behould the ſight,
And vp he comes as he had met ſome ſpright,
Ah (wife ſaid he) what creature did I meete?
Hath he done any harme to thee my ſweete?
A verier Rutfian I did neuer ſee,
The ſight of him almoſt diſtracted me.

My louing husband, as I heere ſate ſowing,
Thinking no harme or any euill knowing,
A Gentleman comes vp the ſtaires amaine,
Crying, oh helpe me or I ſhall be ſlaine,
I of compaſſion husband ( life is deere )
Vnder our bed in pitty hid him heere,
His foe fought for him with his rapier drawne:
While I with teares did waſh this peece of Lawne
But when he ſaw he could not finde him out,
(After he toſſed all my things about )
He went downe ſwaggering euen as you met him,
My ſauing the poore man ſo much did fret him.
A bleſſed deede ( quoth he ) it prooues thee wife,
Alas the Gentleman vneaſie lies,
Wife call him forth, I hope all danger's paſt,
Good *Bettris* looke that all the doores be faſt.
Sir you are welcome to my houſe I vow,
I ioy it is your Sanctuary now,
And count my ſelfe moſt happy in the thing,
That ſuch good fortune did you heather bring,
Sir ( ſaid the Courtier ) hearty thankes I giue,
I will requite your kindneſſe if I liue,
But know not how to gratify your wife,
For this great fauour, ſauing of my life:
Yet Gentlewoman this aſſurance take,
Some ſatiſfaction I in part will make,

If

If not in whole; accept a willing minde,
That vowes to honour all your ſex and kinde:
More louing far in heart then men you be,
Extending your affections bounteous, free;
Moſt affable and pittifull by nature,
The worlds euen ſupreame all excelling creature,
Fond men vniuſtly doe abuſe your names,
With ſlandrous ſpeaches and moſt falſe defames,
They lye, and raile, and enuies poyſon ſpit,
But thoſe are mad-men that doe offer it,
They that inioy their wit and pertect ſence,
wil hate the hart ſhould breed a thoughts offence,
Accounting it a womans greater honor,
To haue a ſenceles foole exclame vpon her,
Farewell my lifes protector, health attend thee,
With what I haue I euer will befriend thee.

## Signieur *Worde-monger*, the Ape of Eloquence.

AS on the way I *Itenerated*,
A *Rurall* perſon I *Obuiated*,
*Interrogating* times *Tranſitation*,
And of the paſſage *Demonſtration*,

## The Knave of *Clubbs*.

My apprehenſion did *Ingenious* ſcan,
That he was meerely a *Simplitian*:
So when I ſaw he was *Extrauagant*,
Vnto the obſcure vulgar *Conſonant*:
I bad him vaniſh moſt *Promiſcuouſly*,
And not *Contaminate* my company.

## *Craft* couſens *Couetouſnes*.

A Greedy minded gripple Clearke,
Had gathered ſtore of gould,
And ſtudied for a place ſecure,
His hoorded heape to hould,
At length into an antient toombe,
He put an yron cheſt,
Cram'd full of coyne, and wrote thereon
Theſe words, *Hic Deus eſt.*
A ſubtill Sexton ſeeing it,
And greedy of the prey,
Came very ſecret in the night,
And tooke the gould away,
Then blotting out thoſe latine words,
The Prieſt had writ thereon,
wrote *Reſurrexit non eſt hic.*
Your God is riſen and gon.

*A Cowards*

bould Sd. 1609

## *A Cowards c:lde challenge, that was* beaten with a Broom-ſtaffe.

WHereas of late thou didſt prouoke mine ire,
To burne in choler like mount *AEtnas* fire,
Rowſing my courage forth of valours den,
To fight with monſters, and to combat men,
Know I am for thee, from the cannon-ſhot
Vnto the ſmalleſt bodkin can be got.
Name any weapon what-ſoe're thou wilt,
May-pole or ſhip-maſt for to run a tilt,
On horſe or foot, in armor or in ſhirt,
Thou ſhalt finde me true valorous, expert;
Pike-ſtaffe and Piſtoll, Muſket, two-hand ſword,
Or any weapon Europe can afford,
Let Falchion, Polax, Launce, or Halbert try,
With Flemings-kniues either to ſteake or ſnye,
Il'e meete thee naked to the very skin,
And ſtab with penkniues *Cæſars* wounds therein.
At length, this Gull that ſeemd of tongue ſo tall,
Was by his aduerſarie met withall:
Whoſe blowes the champions fury did allay,
And with a ſticke, his rapier tooke away.

*The*

## *The Deuils health-drinker.*

WHo dares diſpraiſe Tobacco,
while the ſmoke is in my noſe?
Or ſay but togh my pipe doth ſmell,
I would I knew but thoſe
Durſt offer ſuch indignity,
To that which I preter,
For all the brood of Black-a-moores
Will ſweare I doe not err,
In taking this moſt worthy whiffe,
What valiant Caualeire,
That will not make his noſtrils ſmoke,
At cups of wine and beere?
When as my purſe cannot affoord,
My ſtomack fleſh or fiſh,
I ſup with ſmoke and feede as well,
And fat as one can wiſh.
Come into any company,
Though not a croſſe you haue,
Yet offer them Tobacco,
And their liquor you ſhall haue.

They

They ſay old hoſpitalitie,
Kept chimneies ſmoaking ſtill,
Now what our chimnies want of that,
Our ſmoaking noſes will,
Much victualls ſerue for gluttony,
To fatten men like ſwine,
But he's a frugall man indeed,
That with a leafe can dine.
And needs no napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,
But keepes his kitchin in a box
And roaſt meat in a pipe.
This is the way to help deare yeares,
A meale a day's enough,
Take out Tobacco for the reſt,
By pipe or elſe by ſnuffe,
And you ſhall finde it phiſicall,
A corpulent fat man,
Within a yeare will ſhrinke ſo ſmall,
That one his guts may ſpan,
Tis full of phiſick rare effects
It worketh ſundry waies,
The leafe greene, drie, ſteept, burned, the duſt
Haue each their ſpeciall praiſe,
It makes ſome ſober that are drunke,
Some drunke of ſober ſence,

And all the moyſture hurts the braine,
It fetcheth ſmoaking thence.
All the foure Elements vnite,
When you Tobacco take,
For Earth, and Water, Aire and Fire,
Doe a coniunction make,
Your pipe is Earth, the fires therein
The Aire your breathing ſmoke,
Good liquor muſt be preſent too,
For feare you chance to choke.
Heere Gentlemen a health t'ye all,
T'is paſſing good and ſtrong,
I would ſpeake more, but from the pipe
I can not ſtay ſo long.

At Gads-hill late ( where men are theeuiſh croſt )
An honeſt friend his purſe with ten pounds loſt,
And as the villaines were new gone away,
Three horſemen came, to whome the man did ſay
Oh Gentlemen, moſt happy all you be,
To ſcape two theeues, euen now haue robbed me,
T'was great good fortune that till now you ſtaid,
Nay friend ( qd. they ) thou art deceiud they ſaid,
The theeues were happy as the matter ſtands:
For by our ſtay they haue eſcaped our hands.

Hipo-

## The Knave of *Clubbs*.

HIpocriſie (thou lying knaue) well met,
I haue thee Raſcall in my paper net,
Thou that wilt ſell ſaluation for a ſhilling,
And entertaine thine owne damnation willing,
Thou goeſt about with many a lie and fable,
To get thy diet at anothers table.
Yet loueſt no man, be he ſmall or great,
Thy loue extends no farther then his meat:
But villaine, take this guerdon for thy hyer,
Be firſt of all approou'd a common lyer,
Then for each time thy curſed tongue hath tript,
Be thou from great mens houſes ſoundly whipt.
And laſt of all when God and men deteſt thee,
A Hempen halter with a nooze moleſt thee.

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## *A She-Deuill made tame by* a Smith.

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A Smug of Vulcans forging trade,
Beſmoak'd with ſea-cole-fire,
The rareſt man to helpe a horſe,
That Carmen could deſire,
For any lade he phiſick had,
That euer load did draw:

The appoplexy, falling euill,
The head-ach, crampe or haw,
Poll-euill, canker in the eye,
Or vlcer in the noſe:
The lampaſſe, creſt-fall, withers greiſe,
The nauill-gaule, all thoſe,
With diuerſe tedious to rehearſe,
Crowne-ſcab, and quitter-bone,
Strangulion, glanders, yellowes, worm es,
Smug would giue ground to none,
Yet this rare ſmith to cure one plague,
That vext him was too younge,
(Which made him weary of his life)
It was his wiues curſt tongue.
If to the ale-houſe he had gon,
To take or giue a pot,
Being of a dry complexion,
(For a Smith you know is hot)
His wife was preſent at his heeles,
And rong him out this peale:
Rogue, Raſcall, villaine, theeſe, and ſlaue
(Her almes thus would ſhe deale)
Come home thou drũkard to thy worke,
Each knaue hath thee at beck,
A pox take ſuch a husband,
And the deuill breake his neck.

Thou

Thou ſitteſt at the ale-houſe heere,
While I at home doe ſpare;
Not caring(ſo thy guts be full)
How thy poore wife doth fare.
Thy ſeruants doe euen what they liſt,
Thy children they may ſtarue,
Hanging's to good for ſuch a rogue,
Farr worſe thou doeſt deſerue.
Out filthy beaſt I loath thy lookes,
And hate thee like a toad:
Drunke e'ry day vngodly wretch,
And when thou haſt thy load,
Call for Tobacco, that thou art
As black within as ſoote?
Before the Lord, wer't not for ſhame,
I'de ſtampe thee vnder-foote.
Get thee to worke: out villaine out,
Thou drinkſt not one drop more,
I would theſe whores that truſt ſuch knaues,
Might ne're be paid their ſcore.
They neuer knew what ſorrow meant,
But griefes to others giue,
A miſcheife light on Hoſteſſes,
That doe by drunkards liue.
This was her daily kindeſt phraſe,
From morning vntill night,

That Smug would tremble like a leafe,
When ſhe appear'd in ſight.
At length, more wearied with her tongue
Then trauaile tires a lade,
Vnto himſelfe moſt reſolute,
A cruell vow he made.
Which was, when ſhe did ſcould againe
( Which ſure would be next morrow )
To knock her downe moſt valiantly,
And make an end of ſorrow.
This being decreed, his wife next day
Begins a freſh allarme,
With rogue, and theefe: Smug takes a barre
Of yron, breakes her arme.
The neighbours all admire at this,
To heare the patient Smith,
Had broke an arme of his curſt wife,
To tame her tongue therewith.
VVell, there's a Surgeon fetcht in haſt,
To take the queane in cure;
VVho for the ſpace of many months
Did extreame paine indure,
For of all fleſh, a ſhrowes they ſay,
Is very hard to heale:
Therefore no wiſeman willingly
VVill haue therewith to deale.

But

But cur'd at length( though long before)
And like to coſt her life,
The Smith did aske the Surgeon,
In the hearing of his wife,
What would content him for his paines?
Who of an honeſt minde,
Did anſwere thus; I ſee y'are poore,
Therefore I'le vſe you kinde.
I'le take but forty ſhillings friend,
With that J'le be content:
Why then qd. Smug, hould heer's foure (pound,
Which paiment thus is ment:
One arme I pay for hath been broke,
And tother forty, hould
Againſt I breake the other arme,
The next time ſhe doth ſcould.
His wife ſees this, and ſees him pay
Before hand for a cure,
Doth liue moſt gently, quiet, meeke,
Guiding her tongue ſo ſure,
That Smug became a happy Smith,
Vnto his hearts deſire,
And had her euer at command,
In all he could require.

The

## The Knave of *Clubbs*.

THe knaue of *Clubs* his part hath plaid,
But now wee want *Hart*, *Diamond*, *Spade*,
To ſhew themſelues like in true ſhape,
The reaſon why they doe eſcape
Is this: of late they fell at iarre
*Diſperſt* aſunder very farre,
*Harts*, in the Country at new-cut,
And *Spades*, in new-gate ſafe is ſhut,
And *Diamonds*, he is gon to ſeas,
Sick of the ſcuruy: which diſeaſe
If he eſcape, and get on ſhore,
We will preſent you with all foure,
And make them march vnto the preſſe,
To vtter all their roguiſhnes,
So till they be together drawne,
Pray keepe the knaue of *Clubs* in pawne.

FINIS.

# The Knave of *Clubbs.*